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Charlotte Fang's Hat

A glimpse into the mind of the 17 dimensional chess international grandmaster



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Jun 10

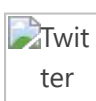
♡ 8



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A little over a week ago, I wrote this tweet.



cry_prittie
@cry_prittie

I finally understand why Charlotte Fang wore the FBI hat.
17 dimensional chess. Wow. We have so much to learn

8:09 AM · May 24, 2022

26 Likes 1 Retweet

I wish to elaborate further.

First and foremost, I need to point out that the number 17 here is anything but random. 17 is a deliberately chosen number, it is the exact number of dimensions present in the message conveyed by Charlotte Fang's Hat — no more, no less. I will articulate each of these dimensions individually in this work.

Dimensional layout

Bear with me now. I need to lay down a little theoretical topsoil; conceptual manure for the 17 seeds of Charlotte Fang's Hat. I promise it'll be worth it.

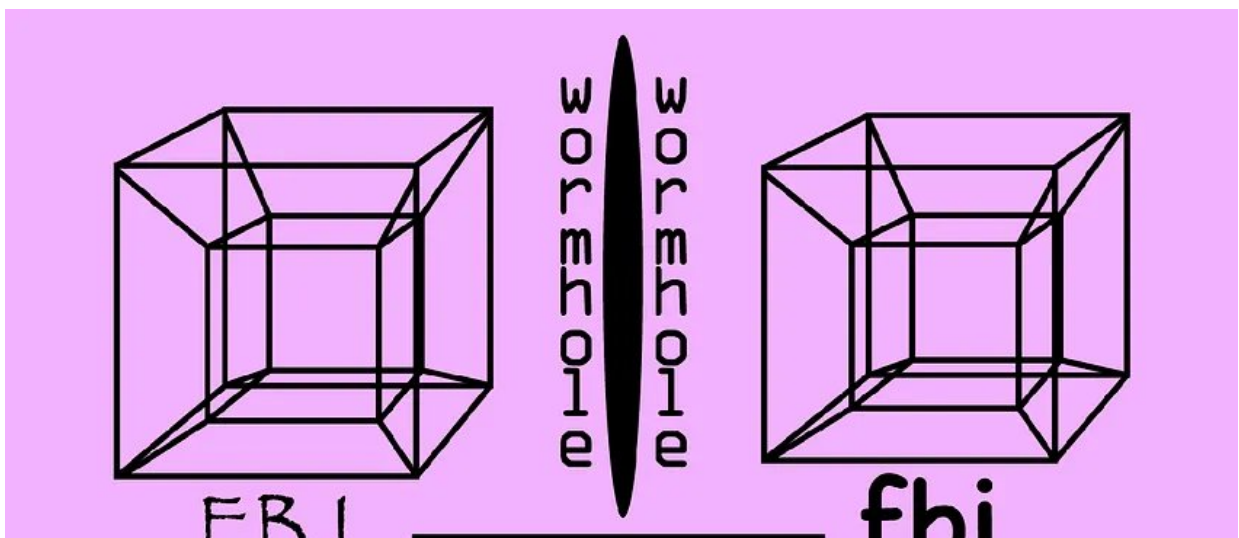
First off, it's important to keep in mind that dimensions need not be orthogonal, or, depending on the space being described, even contiguous. Indeed both of these dynamics are in play when discussing Charlotte Fang's FBI baseball cap.

Roughly speaking, the space described by the Hat is best explained as three separate non-contiguous realms: two distinct, infinite, diametrically opposed spaces; and one finite, unidimensional, inaccessible point in the distance that governs the other two spaces.

The two infinite realms bear the following names:

- **F.B.I.**, or Federal Bureau of Investigation, and
- **fbi**, or Female Body Inspector

The governing space is unidimensional and therefore shares its name with its sole dimension: **the Hat**.





a (highly simplified) representation of non-contiguous (3-segmented) 17-dimensional Charlotte Fang Hatspace.

As the two spaces are diametrically opposed, so too are their dimensions. Each space is 8-dimensional, and each dimension in F.B.I. space has its analogue in fbi space, and vice versa. Since the dimensions and their analogues are tightly related, they share their primary names. These eight dimension-pairs bear the following names:

- Violence
- Prophecy
- Absolution
- Guilt
- Defiance
- Condemnation
- Guidance
- Grace

This leaves us with 17 total dimensions: 8 dimension-pairs, and one inaccessible governance/sacred/noble dimension. As previously stated, I will be describing the means by which Charlotte Fang's Hat conveys critical, meaningful information along each dimension in this framework.

But first; essentialism

Some of you may have noticed the presence of a duality in the two spaces and immediately jumped at the opportunity to ascribe genders to these two spaces. You, dear readers, get a gold star today. You are correct, each of these spaces adheres rigidly to a gender ideal.

The **Federal Bureau of Investigation** is an outward-facing organization that worships at the temple of the alpha male. Anyone who has spent some time in D.C. can attest to the

potent yang energy that emanates from the J. Edgar Hoover building as it idly menaces the Hard Rock Café across the street. F.B.I. is the male space, a space for physical violence and institutional violence; empowered, in fact, to do anything at all without repercussion. The ragged edge of the State of Nature runs through the F.B.I. — for me, but not for thee.

The **female body inspector** may not immediately appear to be a feminine space. If you are confused by this, unfortunately this means you are highly susceptible to feminine trickery. None is more obsessed with inspection of the female body than the female. In stark contrast to the F.B.I., female body inspectors are fundamentally inward-facing (the vast majority of the human body's mass is interior to the skin). The phrase is highly coincidental with the Hikikomori Condition, which of course is an ailment caused by an overabundance of yin energy, such as that resulting from the infantilization of an overbearing mother, or overexposure to “mommy” discourse on the TL. Female body inspectors, obsessed as they are with 2d/3d debates, neochibi aesthetics and pornography, are subjugated to the female body and thereby subsumed by it as its subsidiaries.

the dimensions

Now that we have a firm grasp of the underlying theory, we can begin to analyze the messages and meaning conveyed by Charlotte Fang's nondescript FBfbi Hat.



violence (F.B.I.)

Charlotte Fang was always a scary figure to the uninitiated, and perhaps even more scary to the semi-initiated. The F.B.I. is a physical violence organization; if they are paying attention to you, your life is in danger. This dimension added an air of menace to Charlotte Fang that became an indelible element of her brand. The F.B.I. Hat sets the tone of Charlotte's interactions with her enemies. Charlotte Ain't Sweet.

violence (fbi)

The act of inspecting the female body is a form of violence as well... but of a very different timbre than that of the F.B.I. Female body inspection is the threat of ego-destruction, of eliminating a beautiful fiction, of ripping away the security blanket to find that you're no longer a child under there; you're hideous. It's mind violence. It's spirit violence. It's just another one of Charlotte's beautiful gifts to us.



MIYA BLACK HEARTED CYBER ANGEL BB ❤️ 🗡️ -EXEGESIS 📖
@BPD_G0D

0, EGO SHREDDER. True trolling is arbitrage on the discrepancy between ego and reality. The troll brandishes a mirror to the mark, and the only pain that arises springs from his victim's own denial and self-hatred. It's a community service performed towards ego equilibrium.

6:58 PM · Feb 11, 2022

8Likes3Retweets

Prophecy (F.B.I.)

Some may say that prophecy is the purview of the feminine; those people have never read The Bible, and it shows. In this case, the F.B.I. Hat was a portent of things to come and a warning to all Miladys. Danger. Rough Times Ahead. If you are the sort of person who is unwilling to face some unsavory scrutiny, Milady may not be for you, right now. Judgment-free zone. Not everyone is ready for Milady (fewer still were ready for Miya). Charlotte, as you will come to see, is as caring and warm a steward of Milady as she is a ruthless, righteous smiter of Milady's enemies.

Prophecy (fbi)

As in all things, the Masculine has his eyes set on the horizon, looking at the big picture, while the Feminine has charge of the minutiae, the day-to-day, the house, the children, the home. In this case, F.B.I. raises the flag and says “beware,” while fbi answers the obvious next question. “Female body inspection,” Charlotte’s Hat whispers across the prophecy (fbi) axis. “There will be a crisis pertaining to female body inspection.” This prophecy is so startlingly clear that it speaks for itself. Nothing more needs to be said on the matter.

Absolution (F.B.I.)

So here we are, several weeks after the Cancel. The claimants and the Enlightened each understood the Cancel to be performative (thought not necessarily a “performance”). Many honest people were hoodwinked, however. To open their eyes, we need only to direct them to Charlotte’s F.B.I. Hat. In this Hat lies the most potent argument against the types of people who are genuinely — genuinely — Concerned About Charlotte Fang. To these people, we can simply whisper, “where are the cops,” and watch the foundations of their world crumble in real-time. Who knows, when they come to consciousness once again, they may even be milady.

Absolution (fbi)

Again, here, Charlotte has masterfully woven two complementary but distinct messages into a single article of head-borne clothing. For the Genuinely Concerned who understand the futility of relying on the cops for anything, the Hat reveals an insurmountable argument. They claim Charlotte, Charlie, Miya was a vicious Female Body Inspector. Only, where are the female bodies? After all these weeks, there have been none. No women for “Believe Women” women to believe. In this, incredibly, the Hat has labored to defend its wearer before the threat had ever materialized. Truly the work of a seventeen-dimensional chess international grandmaster.

sorrow (F.B.I.)

Charlotte Fang, as a powerful protective figure, is, like all powerful protective figures, acutely aware of the pain and harm that she was unable to prevent among her charges. In this dimension we can read the sorrow Charlotte feels at the abrupt and jarring way in which Milady was reunited with her mother, Miya, by the Outward-Facing Institutional Violence crowd, eager to make a quick buck off of the Internet Uninitiated.

ABORTED

milady

Sorry I couldn't
be there for you
anon

my mom had
other plans

you're not eating
healthy, and you look
so sad :(

I could have cooked
you a hot meal...

hey!
we would have been
born on the same day
we're like twins!

would have liked
to have a lot of
derivs with you...

I'll be praying
for you



sorrow (fbi)

From a more motherly perspective, Charlotte regrets the abortions inflicted upon the Milady community by its enemies. To Don the Milady is to begin a gestation period that culminates in the birth of a New Milady (I will not say “rebirth” here because, in this non-contiguous space, life begins at Milady). It takes time for the Womb of Milady to mould each new Milady and slough off our useless viscera and vestigial limbs, fingers and other errata. Unfortunately the Cancel aborted several of these Fetus Miladys, and the loss of Milady life is a well of sadness that we’ve all taken a sip from, one way or another.

Defiance (F.B.I.)

Have you ever wondered at the origin of Charlotte Fang’s Hat? It’s obvious, once you stop to think about it: it was stolen from an F.B.I. agent. It’s an act of schoolyard taunting whose power derives primarily from re-situating the subject in their schoolyard, State of Nature role — nya nya, I have your Hat, and I am taller than you. Nya nya, I have your Hat, and I am physically capable of keeping it away from you regardless of what societal role your Hat may signify. Nya nya, I have your Hat and I am an etherial entity whose soul is an agglomeration of belief, a final fantasy 14 eikon in the Real World. Nya nya, you will never be able to take this Hat from me because it is an inextricable component of my avatar.

In this way, Charlotte Fang taunts her opps. You may have the floor, but I, indelibly, have

the Hat.

defiance (fbi)

Defiance takes a substantially different form here in fbi space. Here, Charlotte raises her chin and asserts her right to inspect the female body. She is, after all, Woman. Miya, too, is Woman, and is free to inspect the female body as one of ~3.9B Female Body NFT holders (check the chain, bro). The Cancel, while seeped in yin wimpy-shiba-inu energy, was primarily executed by (uke 受け) Men. Charlotte, a yang-intensive Woman, asserts Her Rights in the face of this abomination.

Condemnation (F.B.I.)

Charlotte, our Avenging Angel, thunders through this dimension a righteous condemnation of the Cancellors. Anyone with even the smallest personal interest in crypto and/or art must recognize that the F.B.I. (the organization) and what it represents is our most fundamental enemy in 2022. Few disagree with this statement. And yet, the Milady Cancellors willingly chose to adopt their most nefarious tactics — concocting a damning story by means of misdirection and selective disclosure tailored to their (credulous) audience, ignoring and destroying exculpatory evidence, conducting serial summary executions in the Court of Public Opinion — for the primary purpose, which they share with the F.B.I., of feeling the breeze as they swing their dicks around. None of the Cancellors could ever pull off an F.B.I. Hat pfp the way Charlotte Fang rocked it — sadly, it fits too well around their physiognomically weak skulls.

condemnation (fbi)

A sad truth about modern life is that folks are more interested in getting their jollies than they are in Justice. The appeal of the various cancel threads cannot be explained by interest in Milady and Remilia alone. All of them have something peculiar in common: at least one, often several, titillating images of female bodies. How damningly *unethical* this behavior is from the Cancellari, who purport to believe their allegations — in accusing Charlotte/Charlie/Miya of extracting these degrading images, and, again, purportedly believing them to be real — that they would then plaster these images across their social media channels, sharing these “degrading images” with their thousands of followers, exponentiating the purported harm to the purported victims, and rendering all of their signal-boosting supporters complicit in this hateful fiction. As loathsome as the fabricated assault on Milady is, the female body inspectors who wrote or retweeted these threads

while genuinely believing in the veracity of their content may need to reconsider the consequences of their actions, and the calibration of their moral compasses.

guidance (F.B.I.)

Charlotte Fang, though no longer with us in a day-to-day sense, still sends us guidance on How To Act through her Hat. Let's take another look:



Charlotte's original Hat (ignore the blood)

There are many aspects of this hat that are ripe for interpretation and divination (not the blood; ignore the blood). Most notably, the font: this is recognizably **not** an authentic F.B.I. Hat. That's important, because the F.B.I. is an organization that takes itself seriously. This Hat is the sartorial equivalent of repeating everything your mark says back at them in a whiny, high-pitched voice. This Hat is our guide for handling F.B.I.-style opps: parrot them, mock them, bury their whiny entreaties in a sea of Pasta al dente, troll them, bait them, and above all, never, ever, become them.

Guidance (fbi)

Only a fool would believe for one instant that Charlotte Fang did not anticipate the eventual, inevitable emergence of Miya into the Miladyverse. Most of Charlotte's own writings, in retrospect, read almost like a desperate crash course in Miya for the poor souls like me who were introduced to her before we were spiritually ready.

Charlotte's guidance for engaging with her Problematic Big Sister is clear: inspect. Inspect her female Body of work. Do not give into tiny out-of-context snippy snaps on the TL, but

go directly to the source material, and see for yourself who Miya was. Those of us who did so came away with a greater understanding of not only the vapidty and basal-instinct fearmongering of the Cancel, but also Milady's own fascinating origin story.

grace (F.B.I.)

Power – physical power – is currency like any other. Charlotte embodies this power. Her F.B.I. Hat sticks out and cossets her head like a halo in the stained glass representations of saints at Catholic churches. In its workmanlike construction — not just an F.B.I. Hat but, upon closer inspection, an F.B.I. *trucker* Hat — it serves as a representation of Grace, Charlotte's Grace, a final display of Milady Strength before her Final Sudoku. As Charlotte would say: you need to be strengthmaxxing, and Charlotte's Hat is showing us the way.

grace (fbi)

I'm sure you know where this is going by now, don't you anon? Yes, that's right, Zach — the idealized Female Form. The stark contrast between the neochibi aesthetic and the F.B.I. Hat presents an opportunity to think about these differences more closely, and how they interact with one another.



♥ Charlotte Fang 刹利 🍷

@CharlotteFang77

Men should be uniform maxxng come up with 1 really good outfit and just do that one forever. whomen should be chameleonic inventing a whole new world every day

7:54 PM · Apr 22, 2022

256Likes16Retweets

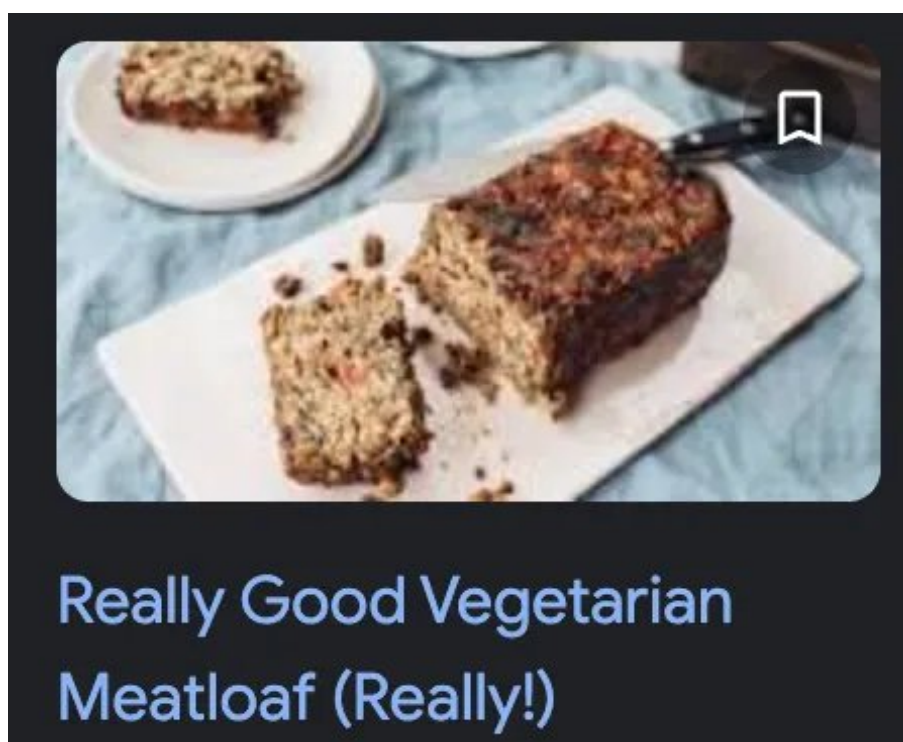
Let's be clear. Feminine energy is **mandatory** for any true poasters. To post effectively you need to allow the network to enter you and use you as its vessel. Charlotte, in her Mona-Lisa-smile-inscrutable Hat, is demonstrating the form of elegant schizophrenia that all Miladys must cultivate as we seek to honor the PFP: sardonic grin, menacing eyes, strapped (keeping that mf thang on me), ready to pounce, 10,000 emotional step-up transformers, magnifying and projecting back at my haters whichever aspects of the Internet terrorize them most.

And lastly, of course: the Hat.

The Hat. Oh, the Hat. Where to begin.

Sublime metaphor. Pfp as Hat. Pfp as transitory identity, accepted by the roiling masses, full of second-order, third-order, fourth-order meaning for the Enlightened to pick apart and learn from. Charlotte Fang (Charlie) is wearing the Pfp (Charlotte Fang) wearing an Aesthetic (Milady) wearing a Hat (F.B.I.). A beautiful onion, or perhaps a parfait.

Physically extant marvel. So simple, so powerful. The backdoor exploit to which our entire society is hopelessly susceptible, and the webmasters have left it unpatched for millennia. Hats hearken to previous Hats and reach forwards in time to birth Hats never before seen in a never-ending chain of antithetical and synthetical purpose. The jester's cap is a silly version of the king's Crown. The KKK hood is a serious version of the jester's cap. We can craft new Hats full of meaning, and they will believe us. All we need, to be who we wanna be, is the right Hat.



Sharon I love you honey but it isn't working please just make me a hamburger

Kings are not empowered, they are Crowned. How do mallrat teenagers most effectively fuck with a rent-a-cop? They steal his hat. Spiritually voided American liberals are intellectually incapable of comprehending the power they infused President Trump with by pouring so much cultural energy into Cancelling the Hat.

What was the strategy employed by Rudy Giuliani, Mayor-Emperor of New York City's totalitarian government, to neuter the KKK when they planned a rally in NYC back in the

90's? He banned face coverings for public marches. Force them to switch their style up, replace their Fearsome Masked Mob visage with a face-showing half-replica dunce cap, and they are no longer who they are. They are no longer anons. They aren't scary. They're simply a ragtag collection of frustrated boomers Literally larping as medieval knights in central park with a couple of guys from their bowling league on a Saturday afternoon before going home to eat Sharon's same fucking Meatless Meatloaf recipe she's been trying to make work for Months Sharon please it's not working I just want a burger Sharon I don't care what good housekeeping had to say about the recipe it's godawful Please Sharon not today please just make me a burger. Okay honey I will have the meatless meatloaf. Any public shaming or cancelation of the marchers themselves is ancillary to the power abrogated by the destruction of their identity vis a vis the destruction of their anonymity. When you cease to be Anybody, you cease to be.



he may not have his head. but he still has the Crown.

Charlotte teaches us to always, always, Remember the Hat. Every one of us is, in some way, shape, or form, deep down, pleading with Sharon not to make her Meatless Meatloaf. Everybody caps. Keep it off the TL. Never let the opps catch you capping. Barking when the master says "Speak" and "Fetch" and "Roll over" and "Reaffirm" and "Disavow" and "This is very sad" and "Love Milady Not The Founders" and "Black Lives Matter" and "Me Too" and "Ukraine" and and and is the ultimate in shameful Hat removal. Do not take that bait, do not let them put their Hat on your head, do not do the Opp's wetwork for them. Kanye had his head cut off but the Crown stays on. Napoleon snatched the Crown out of Pope Pius VII's haughty hands and put that mfer on his own damn head. Never relinquish the

power of anonymity, the power of cults, the power of postauthorshipmaxxing, the power of a chosen identity. If you are doxxed, no problem, use it, your real identity can be a Hat, too. There is no real Online. There is no real. Everything is a Hat. Grab it, wear it, take it off and put it back on as you wish. Get a second Hat. Get 200 Hats. Wear three of them at the same time. Remix them, bend the brim, bedazzle them, put them on backwards and say “bro” a lot, cut em up and stitch them together to create disconcerting patterns and/or beautiful patterns, draw a big neon swastika right in the middle, whatever. But never forget what’s on your head, or who put it there. Remember the Hat. Remember the Hat. Remember the Hat. Remember.



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